



First Edition

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D.





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Others Abide



*"Others abide our question"*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

*Other books by the same Author*

\*

V E R S E

London Sonnets

Shylock reasons with Mr. Chesterton

Kensington Gardens

The Unknown Goddess

Humoresque

Requiem

Five Poems (in the Press)

Volume in the Augustan Poets

S A T I R E S

Lampoons

News of the Devil

P R O S E

Circular Saws

*OTHERS ABIDE*

Humbert Wolfe



LONDON Ernest Benn Limited MCMXXVII



### *Note*

THESE translations are in the order of the Loeb Edition of the Greek Anthology (Heinemann). The translator's aim has been to follow the original as closely as he could. He has naturally studied the Greek, but has checked his own versions by having resource to authorised translations, notably those of Paton and Mackail.

A small group of the poems appeared in "The Spectator" and are re-published with permission.



## *General Index*

### I. The Love Poems

(Poems in Book V. and Book XII.)

### II. The Dedicatory Poems

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(Poems in Book VII.)

### IV. The Declamatory Poems

(Poems in Book IX. and Book X.)

### V. The Convivial and Satirical Poems

(Poems in Book X. and Book XI.)

### VI. The Planudean Poems \*

#### \* NOTE

The poems in this section were collected in the fourteenth century by a monk, Planudes. The original collection, made by Cephalas, in the tenth century, was rediscovered by Claude de Saumaire, in 1606. The Planudean section was later incorporated, and the whole anthology printed in Leipzig at the end of the eighteenth century.



## Invocation

*Euterpe, since they brought to you the long  
unbroken centuries of Grecian song,  
after another thousand years, I bring  
these English echoes, and, though faltering,  
will you, because I dare not, offer these  
to Meleager and Simonides.*



## The Love Poems



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## Proem

SINCE *love's the torch at which lads' hearts  
are lit,*  
*these verses, made for youth, begin with it.*

Constantine Cephalas

## Rufinus to His Elpis

RUFINUS to his *Elpis* these in sorrow :  
*If aught is good in absence, sweet, good-morrow !*  
*Good-morrow, but what morrow can be well*  
*when days for me are darkness, night is Hell ?*  
*When evermore Coressus hill I trample*  
*in tears, and tearful seek Diana's temple.*  
*But with the dawn to you I'll fly. Till then*  
*Farewell, farewell, and oh farewell again !*

Rufinus

## Ariste

MOON with your golden horns, and stars, like  
leaves  
tossed from the sky, that ocean's heart receives,  
see ! how the witch Ariste, breathing myrrh,  
has fled, and these six days I seek for her.  
You are the silver hounds of Cypris. Aid  
a lover, heavenly pack, to find his maid !

Marcus Argentarius

### Prodike

DID I not say: "We'll wither. We shall see  
how soon! love's dissolutions, Prodike?  
Wrinkles, grey hair, and all the perfidies  
of face and form?" And now who seeks  
your kiss?

And who beseeches in its gathering gloom  
your beauty, lonely as a wayside tomb?

Rufinus

### Warning to Eros

B E W A R E lest, love, too often with your stings  
goaded, my soul takes flight. She too has wings.

Meleager

### Carpe diem.

SINCE life's so sweet, since I shall live but once,  
and since this is so fleeting, sorrow hence!  
I'll live to-day, drink, dance, and with the rose  
garland my loves. To-morrow? No man knows.

Palladas of Alexandria

## Rhodocleia

I SEND you, *Rhodocleia*, pledge of love,  
this floral wreath that mine own fingers wove  
of rose and lily, windflower all wet,  
with pale narcissus, and dim violet.  
Wear them, and learn that, exquisite as those,  
but no less brief, your beauty shines and goes.

Rufinus

## Rose-girl

FLOWER or girl, which do you sell none knows,  
since each, rose-girl, is equally a rose.

Dionysius the Sophist.

## Were I a Blossom—

WERE I a blossom, so might I loveliest  
mislead with rose the candour of your breast.

Anon.

The Myrrh I Send—

THE Myrrh I send itself, not her, enriches,  
who to its sweet her greater sweetness teaches.

Anon.

Timarion

BIRDLIME your touch, eyes flame, Timarion.  
Gaze and you burn; kiss, and my freedom's gone.

Meleager

Break the Oath or your Heart

FOR two nights long to leave Hedylion  
I swore by Cytherea. But she knew  
(and smiling heard me) I could scarce last one,  
and certainly would break my oath for two.  
But, goddess, couldst thou count it blasphemy  
rather to live for her than die for thee?

Maecius

## Melite

WHERE is Praxiteles? Where is the skill  
that in your Art lives, Polycleitus, still?  
Where are the modellers, the sculptors where,  
to snatch from time the fragrance of your hair,  
dawn in your eyes, your columned throat, and be  
a temple for your beauty, Melite?

Philodemus

## Heliodora

WITH every drop you pour into the cup  
cry "Heliodora," and I'll drink her up.  
And though that garland's wet with last night's  
myrrh,  
I'll wear it now, and dream I'm crowned with  
her.  
But see! her rose that weeps, as who should say :  
"Lover, where is your love of yesterday?"

Meleager

### Zenophila

NOW the white violet, narcissus now  
bloom, and the lillies on each mountain-brow.  
Yes! and Zenophila, surpassing those  
see! where—love's flower of flowers—shines the  
rose.

But you outperfume, as you dim more fair,  
the fields—bright braggarts with their petalled  
hair.

Meleager

### Wreath with my tears—

WREATH with my tears—a lover's tears—all  
wet,  
hang by his threshold, nor spill your petals yet.  
But, when he comes, suffer my sweet despair  
lovely to rain upon his lovelier hair.

Asclepiades

Asclepias (1st version)

DRAWN by your eyes, like seas when no wind  
stirs,  
we all, Asclepias, are mariners.

Meleager

Asclepias (2nd version)

ASCLEPIAS, your eyes like summer seas  
launch the whole world on love's long voyages.

Meleager

Heliodora and the Bee

WHY dost thou leave thy flowers, bee, to settle  
upon her softer skin than spring's own petal?  
Wilt thou, in seeking Heliodora, prove  
that with the sweet there goes the sting of love?  
Is this thy message? Go i' it comes too late!  
Long since I learned it, wanton, from my fate.

Meleager

### The Cup of Zenophila

ZENOPHILA, *the goblet at your lip  
boasts—happy cup—of that sweet fellowship.  
O were the cup my mouth, you might have quaffed  
my soul, beloved, at a single draught.*

Meleager

### Zenophila Sleeping

DREAM on, Zenophila, and let me creep  
*wingless beneath your lashes, ousting sleep,  
that seals—a god himself—the lids of Zeus ;  
and have your beauty for my single use.*

Meleager

## Fire and Water

WHAT though each word's a sigh, each sigh's  
a word  
accusing love's contempts, love has not heard,  
or, hearing, laughs the more the more you chide  
him,  
Yes, and he thrives on compliments denied him.  
Which sets me wondering, Cypris, how you came  
to make the sea you sprang from bear a flame.

Meleager

## The Town-crier and Love

O YEZ! wild love is lost! The rogue is sped,  
flying this very morning from his bed.

Description? Sweet in tears, swift, babbling  
ever,  
dear malice in his smile, winged, with a quiver.  
Who was the rascal's father? I've no notion,  
since Air disowns him, Earth, and even Ocean.  
He is the rogue of all the world. And therefore  
look to the hearts the truant sets his snare for.  
But see where walks Zenophila. Sure no man  
that gazes in her eyes, but finds the bowman.

Meleager

## Love for Sale

SELL him! though snuggled at his mother's  
breast.

Sell him! why should I rear the little pest?  
Snub-nosed, half-fledged, and, scratching all the  
while

he weeps the better to display his smile.

How can I rear a lynx-eyed chatterbox,  
whose venom at his mother's guidance mocks?

The thing's a monster. Find a pedlar! Maybe  
one leaving town at once will buy this baby!

But look! love pleads, he weeps. Nay!  
cease I tell you!

Stay with Zenophila and I'll not sell you.

Meleager

### Love's Pale Votary

STARS, and you moon, who light the lover in,  
Night, and my serenading mandolin,  
Say shall I find my wanton still awake,  
Or calling on her lamp for love's dear sake,  
and by herself? If not, I'll hang a wreath,  
all tears, against her door, and write beneath  
the suppliant blooms "Cypris! thy spoils to thee  
from Meleager, thy pale votary."

Meleager

### Niko

NIKO—her charm that draws men overseas  
and unbreeched striplings from their nurseries,  
of lucid amethyst in golden bed,  
softly suspended on its purple thread—  
for Cypris, to be stored among her riches—  
from the Larissan to the queen of witches.

Anon.

## Love's Uncompassionate Tyrannies

*STILL in my ears love murmurs, still my eyes  
confess his uncompassionate tyrannies.  
Nor day nor night release me from the spell  
that all who know him, know (and fear) too well.  
Ah love, the wings with which you seek us, when  
you find us, grow too tired to leave again.*

Meleager

## The Long Night of Love

*GIVE my love room, dawn-star, nor copy Mars  
thy angry neighbour, and between the stars  
pace slowly, as you paced, when Phaethon  
dreamed by his love, and would not yoke the Sun.  
Tarry as then, and let my ravished soul  
share the long midnight of the starless Pole.*

Macedonius the Consul

## Rhodanthe

TEARS all night long, and, when dawn bids me  
slumber,  
high in my heart the swallows cry and clamber,  
banishing gentle sleep from lids that part  
in tears to feign Rhodanthe at my heart.  
Peace, jealous gossips! For it was not I  
tore out the tongue of Philomel—or cry  
“Itylus” on the mountains, and lament  
where in the rocks the hoopoe keeps her tent.  
And let me dream I lay my head to rest,  
sleeping at last in the beloved’s breast.

Agathias

## Lais

SWEET is the smile of Lais. Sweeter still  
the tears from eyes that will not, and they will.  
For yesterday, when leaning at my shoulder  
she sighed, though I did neither tease nor scold  
her,  
and tears upon our lips, as fountains cool,  
fell on our kiss and made it wonderful.  
But when I asked, her only answer was:—  
“ Because all men are faithless and because . . . ”

Paulus Silentarius

## “ O, leave a Kiss within the Cup ”

BRING me no wine. Or do thou kiss the cup,  
if I must drink, and I will drain it up.  
What could I do but, where the kiss has sunk,  
with that changed liquor be divinely drunk,  
what, when to mine the beaker oars the kiss  
it tasted at your mouth, but burn with this?

Agathias

## Feather after Feather

FEAR not the darts of love. For, raging, he  
emptied upon my heart his armoury.  
Nor fear his wings. They will no longer beat  
for any other, since his cruel feet  
have trod my heart, and, staying altogether,  
he sheds about me feather after feather.

Paulus Silentarius

## The Nemesis of Love

SHE who was lovely, but as proud as fair,  
tossing the woven glories of her hair,  
who mocked my grief, strays now a withered  
ghost  
mourning her loveliness for ever lost.  
Where are the snows that were her breasts? the  
wonder  
men called her voice? her brows', her eyelids'  
splendour?  
Gone with grey hairs, love's Nemesis, that must  
bring all things fair, but first the proud, to dust.

Agathias

### Love and Dice

LOVE, still a baby on his mother's knee,  
diced for my soul, and won it casually.

Meleager

### Love and Timarion

LOVE and Timarion matched their wings and  
eyes,  
and that is why the god no longer flies.

Meleager

### Dawn and Evening-Star

BRING back, dawn-star, the kisses that you  
thieve,  
returning swiftly as the star of eve.

Meleager

## Lads ! Have a Care !

LADS ! have a care. See where Arcesilaus  
comes leading love, all tethered—to betray us.

Anon.

## Warning against Love

I TOLD you, my poor heart, “Love’s here.  
*Awaken!*

The lime is on the bough. We shall be taken ! ”  
And now because love feeds your flames with  
myrrh,  
your thirst with tears, that make you thirstier,  
you cry, and vainly beat your captive wings.  
Ah, but I warned you, fool, of all these things.

Meleager

## Set a Thief to Catch a Thief

FRIEND, you are wounded, and I never knew,  
until that sigh near broke your heart in two  
with the third glass, and when the wreath unbound  
petal by petal with roses strewed the ground.  
And if I swear you burn, it's not belief  
but knowledge. Trust a thief to catch a thief!

Callimachus

## The Dedicatory Poems



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### Promachus to Phoebus

HIS curved bow, his well-filled quiver thus  
are brought, sun-god, as gifts by Promachus.  
His eager shafts he cannot give. Seek these,  
god, in the hearts of his dead enemies.

Mnasalcas

### The Mirror of Lais

YIELDING to time her beauty's heritage  
*Lais abjures the witnesses of age,*  
and to the queen of what her glory was  
thus dedicates her hated looking-glass.  
“Since for your loveliness time holds no terror,  
immortal Cytherea, take my mirror.”

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

### The Unfortunate Fisherman to Astarte

ACCEPT this net, Astarte. When I trailed it,  
It burst with sea-weed. Only fishes failed it.

Anon.

### A Goat for Pan

HORNED to the horned one, to the rough his  
fellow,  
light-foot to lighter, this in woods that ran  
to the wood-god from Charicles—a yellow  
goat, by the rocky hills he loves, for Pan.

Agathias Scholasticus

### The Fishermen to Priapus

GOD of the beach, *Priapus*, we who trawled  
for tunny-fish that in wide circles swing  
down the green lanes of ocean, when we called  
you heard, and, therefore, of our gains we bring  
this beechen bowl, of heath this rustic stool,  
this crystal cup for drinking like the first,  
so after dancing you may rest, and cool  
your mouth, when parched, with wine, and  
banish thirst.

Maecius

## Hermophiles and his Euronyme

*TO Peitho and the Paphian comb and curd  
Hermophiles and his Euronyme.*

*One gift for each—the honey for the herd,  
for his rose-bride the milk, as white as she.*

Johannes Barbucallus

## Daphnis Leaves his Flock

*NOW that my hands grow heavy once that were  
light in the fold, and shake, that never shook,  
to Pan, who loves the fields, his luteplayer,  
deserting them for ever, gives his crook.*

*But since I still can play the pipe, and still  
my songs undaunted their old cadence keep,  
tell not the hungry wolves, that haunt the hill,  
that Daphnis grows too old to watch his sheep.*

Macedonius the Consul

### The Empty Cask

XENOPHON gives (*What more could Bacchus ask?*)  
*all that his thirst has spared—this empty cask.*

Eratosthenes Scholasticus

### Daphnis to Pan

THESE pipes, this club, this skin to gentle Pan  
from Daphnis, now that song and love are over.  
Take them, wood-god, who, equally with man,  
are still a poet, and were once a lover.

Eratosthenes Scholasticus

### Pan and Daphne

“NO! not a reed!” Pan cried “Meliscus” when  
I offered mine “nor all love’s pain again.”

Paulus Silentarius

### The Goldsmith to Hermes

THESE bellows for their little gale that served  
the forge, the file that bit the ore, the curved  
arms of the tongs that held the gold across,  
and these hare's pads, that gathered up the dross,  
now that his eyes with misty age are gone  
to *Hermes* from the goldsmith, *Demophon*.

Philippus

### The Winner in the Team-race

THIS torch—the runners' goal, the victor's meed—  
*Antiphanes* that bears his father's name,  
to *Hermes* brings, still burning, since his speed  
stole, and, like great *Prometheus*, saved the  
flame.

Erinagoras

### Lamon, the Gardener, to Priapus

THIS pomegranate in his cloth of gold,  
this wrinkled face of a fig, fold upon fold,  
these smoky purples of the unripe grape,  
this fragrant quince wrapped in his fleecy cape,  
this walnut, peering from his verdant sheath,  
this green and varnished cucumber, beneath  
the greener leaves that hides, this sturdy stock  
of olives, glowing in their golden smock,  
*Lamon, the gardener, to Priapus brings,*  
*and may his fruit and he share prosperous springs.*

Philippus

### Kings in Green Arcady

YOU wardens of the hills, who keep the dance,  
*kings in Green Arcady, with horns like Pan's,*  
accept the wealth he sacrifices thus,  
and let his flocks enrich *Dictimus.*

Myrinus.

### Sosis, Phila, and Polycrates

LUTE, bow, and twisted net—to Phoebus these  
from Sosis, Phila, and Polycrates.

And let, since the bow's horn, of tortoiseshell  
the singer's lute, the meshes woven well,  
the archer at the butts, in song the second,  
the hunter in the chase, supreme be reckoned.

Antipater

### Biton to his Gods

TO Bacchus, to the Nymphs and rural Pan  
these from old Biton the Arcadian.

For Pan this new-born kid, no more to play  
beside his mother, ivy from the spray  
for Bacchus, for the Nymphs these crimson roses,  
and all the blooms September's shade discloses.  
And do you, Bacchus, Pan and Nymphs incline  
to bless my house with water, milk and wine.

Leonidas of Tarentum or Gaetulicus

## Pallas Athene and the Cricket

*NOT only does my little music stir  
in summer beats the grateful traveller  
with melodies unpaid, or with the dews  
paid that I sip in the tall avenues.*

*But on the spear of Pallas look! they set  
the cricket, as the helmed one's amulet.  
The Muses love me, and I trump their suit  
with love of Pallas, who first played the flute.*

Leonidas

## But not the Dog—

*THIS dog, this pouch, this spear I dedicate,  
Pan and the Dryads. But I deem it just  
if I take back the dog to share my fate—  
a friend who will not scorn my humble crust.*

Macedonius the Consul

### A Hat for Artemis

WITH love to *Artemis*, who keeps the road,  
because of vows she answered, paths she showed  
offers—a mite, but none the worse for that,  
*Antiphilus* this ordinary hat.  
And, thieves, remember that to steal a pledge,  
even the least, from heaven is sacrilege.

Antiphilus of Byzantium

### A Boy to Phoebus

THESE, *Phoebus*, his first tresses, as he should  
*Eudoxus* brings, the gold of baby-hood.  
Grant, Archer, as he grows, that in their stead  
the laurels of *Acharnæ* crown his head.

Euphorion

To Mercury from Philocles

THIS gentle ball, this spinning top,  
this rattle, that would never stop,  
the bones of which he loved the noise—  
his babyhood's belovéd toys—  
since he has grown too old for these  
*to Mercury from Philocles.*

Leonidas of Tarentum

# The Sepulchral Poems



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### Erinna

O YOUNGEST chorister, when your lips brushed  
the honey dews, *Erinna*, of song and youth,  
singing “O jealous death,” your voice was hushed  
for ever. Poet, you sang with too much truth.

Leonidas

### Anacreon

BLOOM, four-fold ivy, meadow-flowers, bloom,  
making a garden of *Anacreon's* tomb.  
Flow milk in argent fountains, wine in red  
pour all your perfumes, so that if the dead  
can know delight, his bones, or ash, may have  
familiar consolation in the grave.

Antipater

Sophocles

*WITH petalled roses, and the subtle line  
of tendrils drooping round the mother-vine,  
ivy, compose your green and living frieze  
gently about the grave of Sophocles,  
who borrowed from the Muses and the Three  
the deliberate accent of eternity.*

Simias

“ Turn down a full glass ! ”

STRANGER, *when passing by this tomb of  
mine,  
offer Anacreon one more glass of wine.*

Anon.

Venus toute entière à sa proie attachée

HERE of thy lovers dreaming, Teian swan,  
thou liest in thy grave Anacreon.

And still thou singest, still from marble thrill us,  
the ivy-fragrant praises of Bathyllus.

And still thou burnest, where in death thou art,  
With all of Venus grappled to thy heart.

Antipater of Sidon

Pindar

PINDAR, the ringing blacksmith of the skies,  
the bugle of Pieria, silent lies,  
but still his Odes, as though the Muses' hive  
sang Cadmus to his bridal-chamber, live.

Antipater of Sidon

Aristophanes

THE Graces, seeking everlasting peace,  
took sanctuary with Aristophanes.

Plato

Æschylus

FAR from his Attica in Sicily  
Æschylus slumbers. Isle, be proud! for he  
first vastly ranged in beauty's lyric rage  
the tragic diapason of the stage.

Antipater of Thessalonica

Democritus

QUEEN of the laughterless dead, Persephone,  
welcome Democritus to Hell! For he  
brings to the shades the laughter, that beguiled  
your Mother, when she sought, and wept her child.

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

Plato

A. WHAT starry proof, for whom, does thou  
    adduce,  
    eagle, still gazing from this tomb on Zeus?  
B. Plato's the dust. But how his soul ascended  
    these wings attest, these eyes where journey  
    ended.

Anon.

Archilochus the Lampoonist

HERE by the sea, Archilochus, whose brine  
is not as bitter as that snake-verse of thine,  
thou liest, after fouling Helicon.

Lycambes mourning for three daughters gone  
knew thee. And wayfarer, pass quickly, lest  
you stir what is for wasps the perfect nest.

Gaetulicus

Socrates

DRINK deep of truth and wisdom, where with  
these

Zeus stays his own in heaven, Socrates.

And think with hemlock Athens in the grave  
her prophet saved, herself, who could not save !

Diogenes Laertius

Pythagoras and the Dog

WHEN someone beat a dog, he stopped and said  
“ You beat—who knows?—a human friend  
instead.”

Xenophanes

Priam's Tomb

PRIAM'S small tomb, raised by the Greeks,  
doth show

how great a man may have how mean a foe.

Antipater

### The Dead Comedian

HERE lies Philistion, the laughing mime,  
who has enacted Death for the last time.

Anon.

“ Sed miles, sed pro patria ”

W A R takes the brave, but spares the coward. Thus  
here lies the soldier Democritus.

Anacreon

### The Dead Fowler

NO longer birds, your airy fastness climb,  
fearing Poemander, and his fowler's lime,  
but fold your wings now on the tranquil plane !  
The Melian will not come this way again.

Mnasalcas of Sicyon

### The Dead Neat-herd

UNSHEPHERDED *his cattle wander home  
knee-deep through snow-drifts.* But Thuri-  
*machus*  
*sleeps underneath the oak.* He will not come  
*this night, or any night, to comfort us.*

Diotimus

### Nico to Melite

OLD Nico of the maiden Melite  
bere wreathes the grave. Death, why should  
such things be?

Philippus

### The Dead Grasshopper

WHERE Alcis keeps her state, shrill grass-  
hopper,  
no more shall sun invest thy tiny glee.  
Now only Pluto bears thy music stir  
the dew-rich flowers of gold Persephone.

Aristodicus of Rhodes

## To the Locust to Sing Again

LOVE'S *anodyne, remembrancer of sleep,*  
*thou country poet, with song beneath thy wing,*  
*thou mimic harp of nature, locust, keep*  
*thy tiny ballet, and, green dancer, sing*  
*some sleepy tune that, sliding through the mesh*  
*woven by care, will blandish love away.*  
And with the dawn I'll bring a leek all fresh,  
and from the grasses blow the dew in spray.

Meleager

## The Cat and the Tame Partridge

HOUND of Actæon, fell and ravening cat,  
slaying his partridge, you your master slay,  
nor, while you ape the poacher, wonder that  
the mice are playing now the cat's away.

Damocharis the Grammarian

### The Ant's Grave

ANT, by the threshing-floor, where thou didst labour,  
*I set this mound of earth. Sleep, little neighbour well after toil, and let this mimic barrow recall Demeter, and the upturned furrow.*

Antipater of Sidon

### To Lais Dead

LAIS, who gathered in her narrow hands  
the lilies in all beauty's fairylands,  
has cried the long farewell to love's delight,  
to tears and strife, and, in the lampless night,  
sees not, where high in heaven their courses run  
the golden-bitted stallions of the sun.

Pompeius

### Euripides

THOUGH dead you speak, Euripides. For all  
the land of Greece is your memorial.

Anon.

### After Salamis

PELOPONNESUS! *Your four thousand sons  
sleep after battle with three millions.*

Simonides

### Thermopylæ

TELL Sparta, friend, that we lie here as token  
that we were Spartans. Leave the rest unspoken.

Simonides

### Charon's Small Passenger

CHARON, who through death's reedy waters  
steers  
your company of quiet passengers,  
let down the ladder for the ghost that was,  
and is, the frightened child of Cinyras.  
And see his sandals slipping! Must he tread  
with small bare feet the mudflats of the dead?

Zonas of Sardis

### The Drowned Sailor's Jersey

THE sea that drowned me as a final mercy  
left my dead body with its sailor's jersey.  
The reckless hands, that stripped me, earned  
by this,  
rags, and the guilt of the last infamies.  
But, when you die, thief, slip it on and—well,  
notice what happens when you get to Hell!

Plato

### The Thracian Mother of Themistocles

I AM the Thracian woman—listen! Greece—  
Abrotonon, who bore Themistocles.

Anon.

### Tit for Tat

MY slayer buried me to ease his mind.  
God send his kindness be repaid in kind.

Anon.

Timon of Athens in the Grave

*"Is life or death more hateful, Timon, tell!"*

*"Death! There are far more fools like you in Hell."*

Callimachus

Despite all Lethe

*As small this stone, so great my love. And you,  
despite all Lethe, friend, remember too!*

Anon.

The Unknown Sailor's Tomb

*Ask not, sea-farer, whose this tomb may be,  
but go thy ways, and find a friendlier sea!*

Anon.

Parmenius, another Lampoonist

POUR on, Parmenius, his foul mouth to stitch  
that even earth can't silence, boiling pitch.  
No less will do, for every word he uses  
which doesn't drown with bile, smothers the Muses.  
*The Oddyssy was mud, he thought, and, mad,*  
preferred a bramble to the *Iliad*.  
*Hell with a halter from his folly woke him,*  
squeezing his throat, but even that can't choke him.

Erycius

Euphorion the poet (1st version)

THEY call these the Long Walls. But he has  
gone  
past longer, prince of poets, Euphorion.  
And let the fruits be loved, the sacred Three,  
console the Eleusinian votary.

Theodoridus

## Euphorion the poet (2nd version)

SINCE past walls longer than Long Walls art  
gone,  
we make, dear prince of poets, Euphorion,  
with myrtle and the fruits you loved, the Three,  
your grave an Eleusinian mystery

Theodoridus

## Irreparable Rose

HELIODORA, this last offering,  
poured out from the cup of tears, to you I bring  
tears on the earth, tears on the grave, the tears  
of love, of longing, and all the remembered years,  
these bitter tears, where in the dark your grace  
scatters its unseen alms of loveliness.  
Rose of the heart, irreparable rose  
that death has plucked untimely, thus she goes,  
and thus, oh earth, of whom all beauty is part  
take this bright flower, and fold her to your heart!

Meleager

## Meleager's Own Epitaph

TREAD lightly, friend, where by the happy dead  
sleeps, all night long, in the universal bed,  
old Meleager, who sang love's April weather,  
first tears, then smiles, and then the two together.  
Great Tyre and Gadara reared him. Leaving  
these

in kindly Cos he passed his age at peace.

"Salaam," if Syrian, stranger, "Naidius"  
if Tyrian, "Chair," if Greek—and answer thus.

Meleager

## Lie Gently, Earth

LIGHT-FOOT, light-heart, earth, was  
*Æsigenes.*

Here are his bones ; be thou as light on these.

Meleager

### Grave of a Baby

"ALAS! poor baby!" cries her stone. But  
she—

*the dead Theodota—makes answer: "Rather  
think that we all are born to misery,  
nor weep for me, who have escaped it, father."*

Philetas of Samos

### A Child's Grave

WHY have you robbed Callæschron of his breath?  
Do you hunt babies too, remorseless death?  
And could you not have found, Persephone,  
some toy that would not break the heart of me?

Anon.

### Timas

FOR Timas, that Persephone unwed  
lit to the dusty bridal of the dead,  
the girls who loved her, cut their hair, and bring  
this fallen gold, as a last offering.

Sappho

### Meniscus to Pelagon

THIS oar and basket to his son—  
Meniscus gives to Pelagon.

Stranger! in these poor tributes see  
the fisherman's epitome!

Sappho

### The Slave Enfranchised

YOU were a slave, but only, Zosime,  
in body, and that body death sets free

Damascius the Philosopher

### Theodote

YOU make us, painter, see her living yet.  
Could you not fail, and teach us to forget?

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

The Night has a Thousand Eyes

YOU watch the stars. I'd watch, were I the  
skies,  
my love with gold and multitudinous eyes.

Anon.

Love and Thyrsis

WHILE *Thyrsis*, the nymph's shepherd, on the  
reed

Pan's little brother, lies at noon asleep  
under the pine, seeing his loved-one's need,  
Love takes the crook, and watches by the sheep.

Myrinus



## The Declamatory Poems



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## The Old Racehorse

LEARN from my fate how ill the end may be  
of Pegasus in his own Thessaly.

There was no race at any festival,  
even the Olympic, but I won them all,  
and now a horse, forgotten and forlorn,  
I drag the mill-stone to grind out the corn.

Anon.

## The Other Nine Muses

THESE were the women who, drinking, learned  
to sing

from Helicon and the Pierian spring—

Praxilla, the great Lesbian Sappho, Moero,  
Anyte, who like Homer chaunts the hero,  
high Telesilla, and the girl Erinna,  
and you who sang Athene's shield, Corinna,  
sweet voice of Myrtis, Nossis that assuages  
the heart—all these belong now to the ages.

Zeus made Nine Muses for the gods, and then  
Earth bare another nine to ravish men.

Antipater of Thessalonica

## Gather You Rosebuds . . .

*GO seek the rose that blew upon the morn  
as brief as fair—and find instead the thorn.*

Anon.

## Cypris and the Muses

*S A I D Cypris to the Muses “I’ll send Cupid  
all-armed to plague you, if you don’t praise  
Venus.”*

*The Muses said to Cypris, “Don’t be stupid!  
your baby couldn’t cross the gulf between us.”*

Musicius

## The Gold and the Rope

*O N E man found gold, and left his rope. Another,  
who’d lost the first, hanged himself finding t’other.*

Statyllius Flaccus

R. I. P.

FORTUNE and hope, farewell! And keep  
your laughter,  
now I am home, for other men hereafter.

Anon.

Swift Sister Swallow

ALL day I heard your high heart-broken laughter,  
swallow, and, hearing, cried, "Is there no place  
or time when you forget, Pandion's daughter,  
your maidenhood, and Tereus, King of Thrace?"  
Pamphilus

The Stars' Gold Pity

THE Spring redeems the earth, the stars' gold pity  
the sky, these men all Hellas and their city.

Anon.

## Heraclitus and Democritus

SINCE life was ne'er so tragic, Heraclitus,  
if you weep more than ever, you do well;  
and laugh still more, Democritus, to spite us!  
for life was never half so laughable.  
But in between the two of you, the bother  
is shall I weep with one, or laugh with t'other?

Anon.

## Celle qui fut . . .

CORINTH, in what lost island of the West  
glitters your ancient glory? Where are they—  
temples and palaces and loveliest—  
gold girls and all your lads of yesterday?  
Nothing of thee, ill-fated, but has slid  
down the smooth appetites of war, to be  
only a legend that a Nereid  
is singing with her sisters from the sea.

Antipater of Sidon

## Herodotus

HERODOTUS received the Muses. Look!  
and in return, each gave her host a book.

Anon.

## Hesiod and Pyrrha

ON Hesiod idly browsing,  
when I saw where Pyrrha trod,  
dumped the volume with a rousing  
“ So much for old Hesiod ! ”

Marcus Argentarius

## Love answers Zeus

“ WHAT will you do, Love, when your darts are  
gone ? ”  
Cried Zeus. “ Why ! turn you back into a  
swan ! ”

Anon.

The Temple of Fortune converted into  
an Inn.

*HER temple has become an inn of late.  
How odd that Fortune is unfortunate !*

Palladas

The Fowler to his Victim

*W H Y dost thou flutter thus from bough to bough ?  
There was another bird as shy as thou ;  
yet at the last, sorely against her will,  
trembling, she yielded to my fowler's skill.*

Anon.

### The Plane-tree

SEE! how the plane-tree round those lovers  
weaves

its untranslucent canopy of leaves,  
and how the vine, the summer's dark delight,  
adds purple to the branches' greener night.

So! flourish plane! and may you ever prove  
green refuge for the lover and his love.

Thallus of Miletus

### Lais

I, LAIS, am not Lais, but a curled  
petal, who was the sweetheart of the world.  
Remember Cypris! but how vain to pray is,  
when Lais' self can scarce remember Lais.

Secundus of Tarentum

### The Tiresome Cock

WHY dost thou wake me, bird? and banish  
hence  
the dream I had of Pyrrha? Not for this  
I fed, and suffered thy magnificence  
among the hens, thou Chanticleer of Dis.  
I swear, by Serapis, to-morrow morn  
thou'lt grace her altar, by whom I have sworn.

Marcus Argentarius

### Epitaph on an Unmercenary Army

THREE hundred, when the earth and ocean  
shaken  
gave Persia land to sail, the straits to tread,  
saving what sea and mountain had forsaken,  
died with their Spartan spears, and are not  
dead.

Parmenion

## The Epigram

TWO lines of epigram exhaust their topic.  
With one line more the thing becomes an epic.

Cyrillus

## Chorus of Indolent Reviewers

TOADIES of the established, scourge of youth,  
insects that poison, while you feed on truth,  
ravenous curs, the scavengers of rhyme,  
worms, that through works of genius trail your  
slime,  
tearing up verse to see if it will grow,  
pack of intolerable critics, go !

Antiphanes

## The Reed and Aphrodite

YOU seek her house, of Aphrodite's ire  
beware, slim reed that mountain shepherds use.  
Here are the haunts of Love and pale desire,  
no hills nor valleys of the rustic Muse.

Mnasalcas

## Ink

Y O U send me snow-white paper, perfect pens,  
but where's the poet's ink? Next time have sense!

Leonidas of Alexandria

## To Shepherds to Spare the Cricket

SHEPHERDS, why tease the cricket, why assail  
within the dewy darkness of the wood,  
or on the hill, the little nightingale,  
whose fleeting babble charms the solitude?  
Here are the thrush and blackbird, here the swarm  
of clamorous starlings. These instead pursue,  
for they are thieves. But, since I do no harm,  
spare me my leaves, and this small draught of  
dew?

Anon.

## Fallen Pompey

THE world that was his temple, scarce had room  
to find six feet for fallen Pompey's tomb.

Anon.

## Flute, Harp, and Song

PLAY on the double flute (*can you refuse  
Melpomene?*), and I will pluck the string,  
while the clear voice of Daphnis doth confuse  
both flute and harp, all music ravishing.  
So in this shaggy cave the mingled notes  
will wake old Pan, and bid him tend his goats.

Theocritus

## The Astronomer

MORTAL I know myself, and fleeting. Yet  
when I behold the stars encompassing  
heaven with their gold Euclid, I forget—  
and feast in heaven, a god, beside the King.

Ptolemæus

## Vacuus Viator

THIEVES! other homes would yield a safer haul.  
Want is the best policeman of them all.

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

The Temple of Zeus in Athens

THIS *House was built for Zeus, where he will find  
in Athens the heaven he has left behind.*

Anon.

Myron's Heifer. I.

HAS *Myron's little heifer never stirred?  
Goad her, and she will follow with the herd.*

Anon.

Myron's Heifer. II.

HERDSMAN, *when to the fields your herd you  
drive,  
leave Myron's heifer. She is not alive.*

Anacreon.

Myron's Heifer. III.

MYRON, you lied! No human hand could mould her.

Your heifer put on bronze, as she grew older.

Anacreon

Myron's Heifer. IV.

"THIS heifer" Myron might with truth aver,  
"I did not mould, but copied mine from her."

Evenus

Myron's Heifer. V.

IF Myron hadn't fixed her feet in bronze,  
his heifer would have joined the other ones.

Anon.

Myron's Heifer. VI.

*No wonder, calf, you came to me and nuzzled.  
You can't find milk, and low, because you're  
puzzled.*

Antipater of Sidon

Myron's Heifer. VII.

*MYRON looked for his heifer, and only found her  
by driving off the other cows around her.*

Anon.

Myron's Heifer. VIII.

*IF you should see my herdsman, tell him, stranger,  
that Myron tied me here, in case of danger.*

Marcus Argentarius

Myron's Heifer. IX.

*ONE final rush, before the bronze could settle,  
and he'd have trapped the life too in the metal.*

Anon.

## Lines to Love Carved on a Drinking-Bowl

WHY *carve love on the bowl, add fire to fire?*  
Unless you want to make my heart a pyre.

Œnomæus

## Priapus of the Beaches

ME, a *Priapus small, without a single beauty of head or foot, boys on lone beaches might have hacked out, and set upon the shingle against that island.* But what I beseech is that you remember how upon the second *I reach my fishermen, know all their needs, and point them to the catch. Let gods be reckoned not by their graces, then, but by their deeds.*

Archias

## Call upon Pan !

W H E T H E R you track the hare, or on the hill  
with fowler's reed, smeared artfully, you climb,  
call upon Pan. He shows the dog the kill,  
and lifts the gouty branches of the lime.

Satyrus

## The Astrologers

I A M short-lived, say the astrologers.  
*I am Seleucus.* I don't give a curse.  
There is one span for all men. If mine's small,  
I'll see old Minos earlier. That's all.  
Drink!—and observe how wine—the racehorse—  
spurs  
past life's pedestrian teetotallers.

Antipater of Sidon

## The Convivial and Satiric Poems



## *Index of The Convivial and Satiric Poems*

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## The Universal Silences

D A W N follows dawn, and, though we do not bark, one day or another suddenly the Dark One calls ; and we pass, by that road or by this, into the universal silences.

Ammianus

## Bibendum igitur

WE shall not drink for ever, will not woo hereafter. Let's do both then, I and you, while yet we may ; don wreaths and spill the scent, before they bring these to our monument. So live, that from the bones once yours and mine the Flood itself could not expunge the wine.

Strato

### The Banquet

ARTEMIDORUS *cabbage, caviare*  
*from Aristarchus, as these onions are*  
*Athenagoras' gift, from me the liver*  
*to add to yesterday's three pounds left over.*  
*Buy wreaths and eggs, and scent, and sandals*  
*quick,*  
*and say we start at four upon the tick.*

Philodemus

### Dye and Wig

NOW *that's your hair's coal-black fools say you*  
*dye it.*  
*We know, Nicilla, that is how you buy it!*

Lucilius

### The Boxer's Face

OLYMPICUS, *don't look into a mirror*  
*lest, like Narcissus, you drown yourself—in terror.*

Lucilius

## The World's Worst Boxer

APIS! *the men you boxed with, grateful that you never hit one of them, erect this statue.*

Lucilius

## I. The World's Worst Runner

AN *earthquake lately made the whole world flinch, but failed to make this runner move an inch.*

Lucilius

## II. The World's Worst Runner

MARCUS, *when running in the armoured race, went on till midnight, when they closed the place, and I don't blame the stewards, for they must have thought the fellow was another bust.*

*But, when they went again next year, the ghost of Marcus was still running—at the post.*

Lucilius

### Marcus and the Trumpet

MARCUS took up a trumpet, but, when he blew it,  
he was so thin, he shot himself clean through it.

Lucilius

### Macron and the Mouse

COMING on Macron fast asleep, a mouse  
dragged by the foot the pigmy to her house.  
But Macron choked her, crying, "Zeus, with these  
bare hands prevails your second Hercules."

Lucilius

### The Stratonicean

BUILD a new city for this poisonous  
Stratonicean, or, if not, for us.

Ammianus

### Chæremon's Troy Weight

CHÆREMON, floating lighter than a feather,  
would certainly have vanished altogether,  
unless by luck he'd come upon a spider,  
and hung face downwards in her web beside her.  
And he would still be hanging on his head,  
if he'd not seen, and clambered down, a thread.

Lucilius

### The Oculist and the Statue's Eyes

SAY "Farewell, light!" Demostratus. Then  
try on  
your luckless eyes the remedies of Dion.  
He blinded his last case, and, after that, you  
may care to know he blinded the man's statue.

Nicharchus

### The Doctor and the God

LAST night the Doctor saw this marble bust.  
To-day, through marble and a god, he's dust.

Nicharchus

### The Quack

I SAW no Doctor, but, feeling queer inside,  
just thought of one, and naturally died.

Callicter

### The Surgeon's Craft

"DEAD?" cried the surgeon, laying down the  
knife.

"Ah well! I've saved him from a cripple's life."

Nicharchus

### Si jeunesse savait

I HATE all those who call a man a fumer  
because he's young, although he writes like Homer,  
and till he's bent, and bald, and cannot see,  
say that he'd better learn his A. B. C.

But, God in heaven, can't a poet capture  
wisdom, until he's gone and got a rupture?

Lucilius

### Eutychides the Poetaster

EUTYCHIDES is dead, and what is worse  
(fly wretched shades!) he's coming with his verse.  
And listen! they have burned upon his pyre  
two tons of music, and a ton of lyre.  
You're caught, poor ghosts. But what I want to  
know  
is where the Hell, now he's in hell, to go.

Lucilius

### Eutychus the Painter

TO get one likeness true poor old Eutychus  
got twenty sons, who asked "Why aren't you like  
us?"

Lucilius

### The Dog it was that Died

A VIPER bit a Cappadocian.  
The snake it was that perished, not the man.

Demodocus

## I. The Sluggard

MARCUS confessed to murder, lazy lout,  
when gaoled, to save the trouble of coming out.

Lucilius

## II. The Sluggard

MARCUS, the sluggard, dreamed he ran a race,  
and never went to sleep again in case—

Lucilius

## The Planudean Poems



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## Country Delights

NO city, Philotherus, but a pillow  
deep in the country, whispered by the West,  
*I'll choose (come with me !), and we'll lie by willow*  
*and those pale trees, that crowned the Carian*  
*feast.*

*And we'll have wine, and, bending to the lyre,*  
*we'll praise that lady all a summer night,*  
*our island-queen, that was a god's desire—*  
*and share Olympus, and the god's delight.*

Nicænetus

## “The Bacchante” of Scopas

“ WHO'S this ? ” “ *Bacchante.* ” “ *Carved*  
*by?* ” “ *Scopas.* ” “ *Who*  
*maddened her? Bacchus?* ” “ *Scopas did that*  
*too.* ”

Simonides

## Berenice and Venus

*IS this of Berenice or of Venus  
the statue? Stranger, can you choose between us?*

Asclepiades

## Pheidias and his Statue of Zeus

*EITHER Zeus came to earth to be engraven,  
or else you saw him, Pheidias, in heaven.*

Philippus

## Icarus

*REMEMBER, Icarus, that you are bronze.  
Trust not your wings, nor yet the sculptor's skill.  
You fell from heaven into ocean once:  
How should you fly now that you're heavier  
still?*

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

### Praxiteles and Niobe

*GODS into stone from woman changed me. Then  
Praxiteles transformed me back again.*

Anon.

### The Statue of Ariadne

*NONE could have carved thee, but a god alone,  
as Bacchus saw thee, leaning on that stone.*

Anon.

### Ariadne and Theseus

*WAKE not this marble Ariadne, lest  
she think of Theseus, and renew the quest.*

Anon.

Toute une mer immense ou fuyaient des galères

HERE Polycleitus most divinely drew divine Pollyxena. See! how she tries to hide her beauty from the Argives, who watch Ilion tumble in her pleading eyes.

Pollianus

### An Experiment in Echo

“ DEAR Echo, will you grant me somewhat? ”  
“ What? ”

“ Say not my lady does not love me.” “ Not! ”  
“ Time thwarts me. Still I seek her.” “ Seek her still.”

“ Say that I love her and I will.” “ I will! ”  
“ Here is a pledge of gold. I send it.” “ Send it.”  
“ Nothing remains now but to end it.” “ End it.”

Gauradas

### Praxiteles and Cypris

“SHAME!” *Cypris cries her statue when she sees,  
“You saw me naked! When, Praxiteles?”*

Plato

### The Judgment of Paris

PALLAS and Hera, murmured at the sight  
of Cypris’ statue “Paris, you were right.”

Evenus

### Hermes of Cyllene

I, HERMES, guard Cyllene, but I am  
God also of these mountain-nurseries,  
where with grape-hyacinth and marjoram  
the children crown me underneath the trees.

Nicias

## Love in Chains

WHO bound thee, winged one, chained thy living  
fire  
and dared to violate thy starry quiver?  
Who manacled the hands of gold desire,  
who, Bowman, stole away thy bow for ever?  
In vain! For even the sculptor did but bind  
love with the chains he found in his own mind.

Satyrus

## Love and Zeus

LOVE left his torch and bow, to don the pouch  
and cudgel of the oxherd (with his slouch).  
Thus travestied, urging his patient yoke  
along the furrow, winking at Zeus, he spoke:  
“Think of Europa, and be bountiful,  
lest for the plough this time I use you, bull.”

Moschus

### A Country-god

I AM no Lebanonian, nor delight  
in young men serenading through the night.  
My mother was a country nymph, and I  
am the small country-god of husbandry.  
I have my garlands, like the seasons, four,  
and a fair garden. Friend, I ask no more.

Anon.

Lines to Love Engraved on a Pepper-caster  
WHETHER asleep, or lifeless, that high-stepper  
love never lacks his little pinch of pepper.

Gabriel the Prefect

### You Need no Torch . . .

YOU need no torch to light your lamp. The love  
that burns my soul up will be fire enough.

Anon.

## Love and Death

*"SWIFT are thy wings, and sharp thy arrows, yet  
Eros, the grave will set thy captive free."  
Silence, my foolish heart! Dost thou forget  
the Lord of Hell and his Persephone?"*

Meleager

## Lines on the Painting of a Faun

*FAUN, leaning sideways to thy silent flute,  
Is there some tune thou hearest? Thou art mute,  
smiling, as though some bright forgetful choice  
and not the sculptor, had constrained thy voice,  
but bent upon the flute, of thine own will,  
laughing for ever, wert for ever still.*

Agathias

On a Satyr Engraved on a Cup

THIS faun the sculptor lulled, but did not make  
him.

*He sleeps in silver, and a touch will wake him.*

Plato (the younger)

Homer

IF Homer was a god, no incense hurts,  
if mortal, none can equal his deserts.

Anon.







*Others  
Abide*

\*  
*Humbert  
Wolfe*

